

## Local Items.

The office of the *Columbia Phoenix* is on Gates street, second door from Plain.

Persons receiving papers from other cities or towns, are requested to give us the use of them; as we are completely cut off from all mail communication.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry W. Powell, well known as a teacher of highest respectability in this city. It appears that he was recently shot, by some parties unknown, while crossing through a swamp in this vicinity; and we may regret this melancholy event to the irregularity and lawlessness of the times. It is terrible to think how many men, harmless in their lives, and valuable for their uses, may become the victim of an outlawry which, unless promptly checked and punished, will leave neither life nor property secure.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We beg to say that anonymous communications, implicating individuals by name, as concerned in the highway robberies in our precincts, cannot be published. Such as we have received shall be submitted to the proper authorities. Citizens in possession of such facts, relating to persons, should not shrink from the responsibility of making them known to the magistracy. The proper course is for the parties having this knowledge, to go before the Governor, the Mayor, the Sheriff, or any magistrate, and make the proper affidavits in form of law. We have no doubt that, thus informed, these several officers, all or any of them, will proceed legally to the arrest of the offenders. The Sheriff tells us that he is ready and prepared to act with a proper and efficient posse, whenever he shall be authorized under the proper sanction of the law.

DAISY DALE.—Our sprightly, and, we take for granted, fair correspondent, Daisy Dale, is heartily welcome to our columns. She carries a lance for her sex with equal grace and vigor. But the *Phoenix* is not guilty of the paragraph which offends her *amour propre*. It is what is vulgarly called a selection, and is possibly from the pen of the California *Phoenix*, of whom she speaks. Daisy Dale, however, must not run a muck for the sex indiscriminately. She must not identify herself with all of that tribe which triumphs in a petticoat. She must first decide whether any of the tribe misrepresent the lovelier classes of the sex. If she is perfectly assured that they are all, without exception, the glorious creatures, "nobly planned," of whom Wordsworth sings in such enthusiastic strain, then her cause is without objection. But if all of them are equal, the Benedicts will be without choice, and need not exercise either taste or fancy. They may then, in taking a wife, simply write to a factor, or a commission merchant, or to the congregation, as some foreign missionaries are said to have done, "Send me a wife, black eyes or blue, brunette or blonde—either will answer the purpose." At all events, the *Phoenix* is guilty of nothing more than showing that other folks think that there is an occasional damsel not altogether perfect, either in her piety or her propriety.

Public Meeting—Organization.—At a public meeting, yesterday, contemplating organization for arresting the outlaws of this precinct, the citizens numerously assembled, and were addressed impressively by Mr. J. G. Gibbs and Gen. Hampton. Volunteers were called for, and the organization and command confided to Gen. Hampton, who, with his wonted promptness and patriotism, consented to effect the adequate organization, and realize, if possible, that security for the community which its exigencies demand. In his hands, we feel perfectly sure that the baton of authority will not be suffered to degenerate into a baby's bauble. He will, no doubt, persuade the offenders, through the most effective agents, that highway robbery and burglary are not venial offences, because the example has been set by the invaders; and that, in the case of every offender against law and society, phlebotomy will not be foreborne, if necessary to secure the ends of quiet and justice. We trust that all parties will be warned in season.

From Richmond.—The Richmond papers advertise almost everything good that can be conceived. The New Yorkers are pushing their wares on the market in their usually energetic style.

A call upon John M. Botts, the well known Union man of Virginia, has been made by the citizens of Richmond. The list embraces scores of those hitherto regarded as among the warmest supporters of Southern independence.

The Richmond *Whig* is now sold at five cents per copy. Mr. Pollard, formerly of the *Examiner*, announces a new paper, "The Richmond Times," in which he promises to publish no editorial comments, but simply news matter.

The inhabitants are invited, by official orders, to resume their customary occupations as speedily as possible. "Loyal" citizens enjoy extraordinary privileges.

Gen. Weitzel occupies the former residence of the President, which the Yankees familiarly style the "Jeff. Davis House."

Gen. Lee's residence and family are under rigid military guard, and no intrusion is permitted. Negro rule prevails.

The streets down town, that used to bustle and hum like a hive, with business and activity, begin to wear their old aspect again. Drays fill the streets, boxes, barrels and packages the sidewalks, and men, with locomotive energy in them, move about with a velocity that is contagious. Old warehouses that have been closed and to let since 1861, are opening on every hand.—*Richmond Whig*.

## Married.

On the evening of the 27th ult., by Rev. W. B. Yates, Mr. J. H. BAGGETT to Miss ELLEN C., daughter of Z. B. Oakes, Esq., all of Charleston.

## Funeral Invitation.

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. John Riley, are invited to attend the funeral services of his CHILD, from his residence to the Catholic Church, THIS AFTERNOON, at 5 o'clock.

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. LaMotte and family, are invited to attend the funeral of their infant son, HENRY BEARD, from their residence, next door to the Marion Street Methodist Church, THIS AFTERNOON, at 5 o'clock.

## Wanted to Hire,

A GOOD COOK, WASHER, AND IRONER. Apply to R. SWAFFIELD, Arsenal Hill, may 9

## Daisy Dale on the Phoenix.

Well, Mr. *Phoenix*, you naughty bird, and so you have risen from the fire. Methinks there is some cinder yet under your wings; it is burning you now, or you never had given me such cause of offence.

I used to think the *Phoenix* a wise bird—am sure it ought to be; it is at least as old as Iliace, if not well known to Homer. Once I esteemed it a noble bird—aye, a compeer of the condor, or equal to our eagle. Ah me! how often tigers come to us in ermined mittens, and ere we dream of danger nigh, his fangs are at our vitals. It is a week since I have seen the *Phoenix*, and then I read its heading article, and didn't I get mad! "Are women naturally polite?" Why, *Phoenix*, did you write it—you wouldn't father such cant as that? Nay, I sooner think Belle Britain did, or else his contra part, George Sand. I read, or saw, in Alabama, a book by John *Phoenix*, of California—he might have owned the coin.

An age of wonders this; and whether you're a bachelor or a Benedict, I know not; this I do know, that "Benjy-mine" had never dared to read that stuff to me. What would I have done? Why, I should have stopped my ear, or turned my back to him. I should have called him a churl, or given him a Cuddle that might, sare. Not that I'm Fanny Fernish ever; but, phaw! a mortal woman couldn't stand the insinuation. Now, when husbands and lovers are far away, you, our vengeful *Phoenix*, who should be our shelter and strength, to tell us we were not polite! Politeness is "benevolence in trifles." I suppose for such smooth-faced manners, we must look to the lords of creation. Dear, patient creatures, (over the left,) they are so considerate and so unselfish, so much like dropped angels—I didn't say fallen.

Why, only yesterday, while sitting at the fire, we, us & Co.—that's mother, baby and I—there was a street door slam bang and a heavy tramp, with a cry, "Is dinner ready, wife?" Straightway, the feeble baby fretted, and the mother went to the lullaby for about the fifth time that morning; while he, the great six footer, took to the newspaper and puzzle. He didn't care a fudge.

Why, even politicians say conciliate the women, and here comes *Phoenix*, breathing sulphur on our sufferings. He well nigh tempts me to accept the gauntlets. But our cause needs no champion to discuss the wrong, else we seemed to allow or doubts our veritable worth. Woman, first at the cradle, latest at the couch of pain; bright spring of our busy households; ready soother of our anxious hours; in life, they adorn our homes, and even after death they deck God's garden.

You ask, are they benevolent, are they kind, polite? Well, I am not an eligible, so I am free to refer you to Mr. Scott, whose style is a little different from your article: "Old woman, in our hours of ease," &c. I am glad you are frank to admit your skepticism. Our rural poet sang of

"Woman, nobly planned

● To warm, to comfort, to command,  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel's light."

I feel better now. I've told you how vexed I was. The Good Book says, if ye have aught against any, confess it. Now, it is Saturday, and I cleared up old scores—don't let's quarrel again. Never write about women, unless it is to make us love the good and the beautiful, and who was ever made so by railery or ridicule. Pardon my intrusion. *Phoenix*, we're quits.

DAISY DALE

AT THE WIGWAM, RICHMOND DISTRICT.

## WANTED,

A GOOD WHEELWRIGHT, for whom liberal wages will be paid. Apply at this office.